

There is popular distrust of the proposition to monkey with the prune crop.

President Stillman said any banker is likely to make an error. Aunt Cassie Chadwick agrees.

It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody. The "glass-put-in" man will have plenty to do for a while in Russia.

An English clergyman says that meat makes man immoral. This may explain why the trust is boosting the price.

Sir Henry Irving's son is to play in "Hamlet." May he never be troubled by the apparition of his father's ghost!

It is fortunate for the Oberlin students, perhaps, that Mrs. Chadwick didn't sign Russell Sage's name to those notes.

A Pittsburg teacher notes that college professors are paid less than many cooks. Well, perhaps the cooks are really experts.

Watches are now made only an eighth of an inch thick. Your pocket book looks thin, too, after you have paid for one of them.

A leading critic says: "Few of the poets are now working at their trade." How does he know, since the real poets are always dead?

New York's gifted youths have calling cards for their dogs. Thus a hostess knows at once which to address when they are ushered in.

Pennsylvania of Pennsylvania says he believes the devil is an editor. This shows that a very small reason may sometimes totter on its throne.

New York dealers in automobiles report the sale of over \$10,000,000 worth of their machines in the last two weeks. The gasoline age is upon us.

J. Pierpont Morgan has bought King Leopold's interest in a Chinese railroad. It is pretty safe to say that Leopold didn't soak anybody on the deal.

It is found that Mrs. Chadwick's assets amount to about \$100,000. Foolish woman. Think of the fun she might have had with that much money.

The fact that a silver dollar of the vintage of 1804 recently brought \$1,100 in Chicago will bring tears to the eyes of the man who last blew it in at its face value.

When a woman falls in love you can't make her believe all men are alike, and when she has been married ten years you can't make her believe that they are not.

This "condiaseope" that makes a lady look as big as a bat may make the feminine bathing suit look as big as a handkerchief. But the machine looks like a cook stove.

A California professor has invented a logic machine, which on being fed with major and minor premises gives the correct conclusion. Congress would have no use for it.

A Chicago man is supporting his nineteen children and their mother on an income of \$9 a week. When it comes to expert finance there is something worthy of study.

A good deal of fun is made of the female breast hunters, but it is just this class which saves many a man from misery by making the ends meet and a little more.—Manchester Mirror.

There is a man in Brooklyn who has a gold brick worth real money. There are such gold bricks, but they are about as rare as the conscience that will not let its owner dodge his taxes.

A Cleveland editor advertises the loss of a diamond scarfpin and diamond watch chain. As editors are supposed to live the simple life, the question is, Where did he get those trinkets?

A girl in Tampa was wooed and won by mail, but she backed out when the would-be bridegroom called. It is a sad fact that a good many men make their best appearance through the postoffice.

This story that Betty Green has a doughnut for her lunch every day should be discredited. Probably some enemy is trying to spread the notion that she is leading a life of reckless self-indulgence.

Thousands of children in New York have no breakfast at home before leaving for school. It was a wise missionary who said he could not convert a hungry man, and we listen to hear a teacher apply his words to another field.

According to census bureau statistics telephone users in the United States showed "Hello, Central!" 5,079,554 times last year. The census bureau has failed to gather statistics showing how many times central replied: "The line is busy!"

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

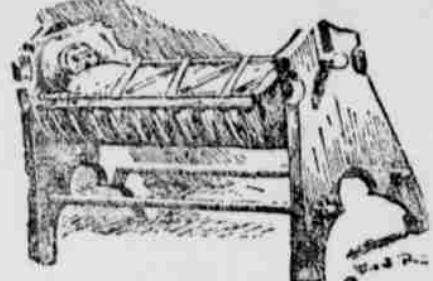


The Dog.
This dog's a funny animal,
Domesticated kind,
The while he wears his teeth before
He wears his smile behind;
This seems quite paradoxical,
Quite waggish—you won't fail
To note how'er a canine's snail
Is just a wagging tail.

I used to know a little dog
Who smiled on me each night,
When I returned from my day's work
His tail wagged with delight;
He was a joyous, happy dog—
I chronicle with pain
The fact he lost his tail one day;
He never smiled again.

Oh, children, all be good to dogs,
And to my warning bark;
Don't twist their tails nor drown their
pups.
"The wrong to wreck a bark;
Don't look a big dog in the eye
(Your courage well might fail);
To learn if he thinks well of you
Watch if he wags his tail."
—Houston Post.

Some Queer Cradles.
A cradle. Well, perhaps you might
not call it that, but the little Lapp
baby is quite satisfied with it. Not
only his nights but his days as well
are spent in this funny cradle, which



is really only a piece of wood, hollowed out and shaped like a boat.
He has nothing but dry moss to lie on, and no clothes whatever to cover his little naked body, but he is as cozy as possible under the soft moss and warm reindeer skin which his careful mother spreads over him. Generally, he is hung up by cords to the side of the hut, or rather his cradle is, but sometimes it is tied on his mother's back. When the family start on a journey it is swung on the horns of a reindeer, and the baby has a good time, and sees all the sights.

The little Eskimo lives and sleeps in his mother's fur hood. He, too, wears no clothes, but is quite warm in the soft fur. When he becomes stronger he crawls up and peeps out.

Some Russian cradles are made of wood or braided rushes, lined inside and out with skins. These have lids which are left open in summer and closed in winter. Baby might smother in these quarters were it not for the little skin covered hole in the top, while the mother opens once in a while to let in the necessary fresh air.

There are other kinds of Russian cradles. Some, like baskets, may be set on the ground; others hang on the walls, and still others the mothers carry about the fields as they do their work. These last have canopies over them to shade them from the sun.

The little Comanche papoose has only a straight piece of bearskin, laced up with a little piece sewed into the foot, to spend its first days in, yet it never complains.

The little Sioux has a much finer resting place, but even less comfortable, in my opinion. It is a wooden frame, painted yellow and studded with brass nails. To this he is strapped down tight. Above him is hung a wooden hoop, with little bells, feathers, bright pieces of tinsel, and rags. These are his playthings. A great turtle shell is the cradle for some South California babies. When a few months old the baby is placed astride its mother's shoulders, its legs hanging down in front.

With Bottle and Goblet.
Tell your company that you have a bottle and a goblet, both full to the brim of water, and that you are going to empty the goblet by means of the bottle without taking a drop of water from the latter.

This is the way to prepare for it. With a red hot wire bore two holes through a cork and into them insert two straws, one of them extending above the cork as high as the goblet is deep, the other about twice as high.

Now, with a little kneaded bread or wax close the upper end of the shorter straw and then force the cork into the mouth of the bottle until the water spurts out through the longer straw.

Meanwhile you have the goblet of water on the table near you, and also a basin or bowl and a pair of scissors. Hold the goblet over the basin with your left hand, and with your right turn the bottle upside down, putting the shorter straw inside the goblet. As you do this have some one take the scissors and cut off the closed end of the shorter straw. Water will at once begin to run out of the longer straw into the basin, and will continue to run until the goblet is empty. You must, of course, hold the bottle so that the short straw will reach down to the bottom of the goblet. This is simply the operation of a siphon.

Game of Hen, Chickens and Hawks.
As many boys and girls as choose can play in this game at one time. One player is picked out to act as hen. Another of the same size and weight is selected to be the hawk.

The player representing the hen puts a red handkerchief around his head, if he can get one, or in absence of such a thing, he trusses his coat up behind with a piece of string to represent the short, perky tail of a hen. The player who represents the hawk covers his head with a black or white handkerchief, and swings his arms during the game to represent the hawk's pinions.

All the other players represent chicks, and children of all ages may join. All the chicks get behind the hen, clustering just as chicks do in a barnyard, and all keep their eyes on the hawk.

He must approach the chicks to try to carry off one at a time. The hen must try to head him off, whichever way he may come. The chicks must dodge the hawk in every possible way, but they must also try never to run from behind the shelter of the hen.

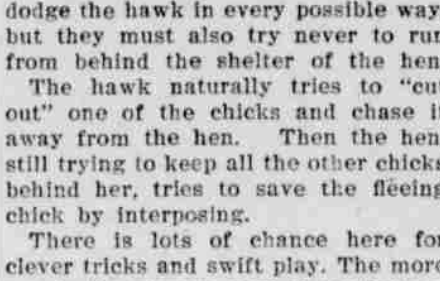
The hawk naturally tries to "cut out" one of the chicks and chase it away from the hen. Then the hen, still trying to keep all the other chicks behind her, tries to save the fleeing chick by interposing.

There is lots of chance here for clever tricks and swift play. The more nearly the players copy the actions of real hawks and chickens, the more interesting the game will be.

spotlessly white, resented the interruption of the shepherd and his canine followers. A fierce combat ensued, and as the seal persistently refused to surrender, the brave islesman was reluctantly obliged to give it the happy despatch. What induced the clumsy amphibian to wander so far from its native element it is difficult to surmise. It is hinted that the presence of such an unusual visitant among the insular hills portends some grave public calamity or revolution.

Not So Hard.

Can you draw this pentagon and its diagonals without taking up your pencil and without retracing a single line?



Falling Picture Was Fire Alarm.
An extraordinary incident marked a fire outbreak a short time ago at Strangers' Hall, Norwich, England, an historic building which is one of the city "show places." The fire was discovered in the caretaker's room, where a beam in the chimney was found blazing, and was removed by the fire brigade. It appears that the caretaker was aroused by a crash, and on going downstairs, he found the lower room filled with smoke. It was discovered that the crash was caused by the fall of a picture which had been hanging over the mantelpiece.

Queer Tidbits.
How many of you have ever tasted cakes of ants? No, not the kind made by ants, but with ants. The children of other countries are as fond of cakes made of these insects as the New England boys and girls are of crullers.

In Africa the natives wash the ants and fry them in butter very much as we would fritters. These cakes are regarded as great delicacies, and in that land are said to taste like nuts.

In India ants are mixed in a batter and baked like cookies. In Brazil ants are grilled and the people eat them like marrows (chestnuts).

The Romans gathered white worms from the leaves and trees of the acacia plant and cooked them. These worms were eaten alive by some Australian tribes, who say they taste like eggs.

The Chinese fatten the white worms found on cabbage by feeding them apples and bananas. This diet is supposed to give them a better flavor.

Little peasant children in remote parts of Europe catch bees, pull them apart and suck the honey. They think if candy is flying about in the air they might as well help themselves to it.

Magnanimous Victor.

This is a story of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had, by hard study, contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing too self-confident, however, he relaxed his efforts, and one day missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him.

The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying:

"No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart sorry."

That was even better than the apology by Whittier's little friend, who was sorry she spelled the word, and hated to go above him—but went—Golden Rule.

Seal Wandered Far Inland.
While going the round of his hirsels, a short time ago, John MacDonald, Glendale, Scotland, shepherd to the Congested Districts Board, discovered a seal high up among the hills, and at a distance of about a mile from the nearest arm of the sea. The animal, which was exceptionally large, and

A VALENTINE TO PAINT.

This little courtier presents his lady love with flowers on St. Valentine's day.

Paint the whole valentine as faintly as you can. The ribbon around

the edge may be colored differently to the two sides. Cut it out and paste on a larger sheet of paper or cardboard, and you have a valentine any one will be delighted to get.



Recalls Lincoln's Death

The death of John F. Coyle, once a well-known newspaper man in New York, at the age of 84 years, recalls a valuable chapter in history which he did not relate until twenty-five years after the assassination of President Lincoln.

Coyle was editor of the famous National Intelligencer at Washington during the civil war. He and Ford, who owned the theater where Lincoln was shot, were fast friends. Coyle was arrested three times and badgered mercilessly in an effort to make him tell about the plot, of which he knew nothing except that Booth was his good friend. His innocence of knowledge before the fact was clearly established, and he was finally allowed to go free.

Coyle told this story, as he stated, to stop the falsehoods which were circulated about his meeting with Wilkes Booth on the morning of the assassination and about a letter which Booth wrote to him before he fired the fatal bullet.

"On the morning of April 14, 1865, I was conversing with Major Thomas Donoho, when Wilkes Booth joined us. Later Booth and I went into a nearby restaurant and there he said to me:

"Suppose Lincoln should be killed or die, what would be the result?" "Johnson would succeed him; there would be no change," I replied. "Then Gov. Seward would come next I believe. All that is provided for by law."

"As I remembered it afterward, Booth grew excited and said: 'But if

all could be swept away, what then?' "Anarchy and chaos," I said, "but such a thing could never happen. They don't make Brutuses nowadays."

"No, no, he replied. 'They don't,' and abruptly left me.

"This conversation made no impression on my mind. That night, while on my way to the offices of the National Intelligencer, I heard of the assassination. Already there was a rumor of a letter having been given by Booth to some one, who was instructed to deliver it to me. The fact, too, of my having been seen with him that morning was generally known and commented upon. It rendered me unpleasantly and dangerously conspicuous during the reign of terror.

"It was generally believed that I had received the letter. But that remained a mystery until the winter of 1865, when John Matthews, a well-known actor and my friend, told me that Booth had given him a sealed package and requested him if he did not hear from him to the contrary to deliver it to me on the following day. After the assassination Matthews opened the letter and read it. Upon consideration he burned it. Matthews did not remember the entire text, but he told me that the concluding lines were these: 'I know I shall be condemned for my act at the present time, but I am willing to trust to history and posterity for the vindication of my name and motives.'

"This is the whole story of my meeting with Wilkes Booth and all the knowledge I have of the letter he wrote."

He Knew Memphis Lawyers

Honorable Malcolm Rice Patterson, who represents the Tenth District of Tennessee in the lower house of Congress, and who describes himself in the Congressional Directory as a Democrat by faith and a lawyer by profession, tells a good joke on himself.

During the past summer, Mr. Patterson wandered into the interior of his native state, and one morning he drifted into a small township where a friend was holding court. The star performer at the session was a venerable darkey, who had caused the arrest of an equally ancient cirony on charge of having attempted to pilfer his watch.

The old man described dramatically how the two had a few drinks of gin; that his companion had engaged him in earnest conversation and then had attempted to extract his watch and fob. Everything went against the defendant, and he was about to be sent down when Mr. Patterson, with the judge's permission,

asked the old man if he had recovered his watch and if so to produce it in court. The darkey shifted uneasily and then, diving down in his jeans, produced a watch, wrapped in several layers of tissue paper.

"Bring the watch here," said Mr. Patterson, "I would like to see it."

The old man shuffled up to the judge's bench and leaning over said, in a perfectly audible voice: "Judge, is that man one of them lawyer fellows from Memphis?" The judge answered in the affirmative. Then the darkey squared around and faced the honorable member of Congress.

"Now, you jest looks here, sah," he said, "I ain't a-goin' fur to let you hab my watch; no, sah, not eben for a minute. I think a sight ob dat watch, and my ole massy done give it to me befo' I was done set free. If de judge wants to se it, I'll done give it to him, but there ain't no lawyer man from Memphis goin' to git he's hands on dat watch. No, sah; I done reckon I'd ebber git it back ergain."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Seeing Faults of Others

The only thing that can easily be found where it does not exist is fault. That is, you can easily find it in others. But in yourself, though you be blackened with it, you can't see it so easily.

If the other fellow has a fault—and sometimes if he hasn't—you are quick to perceive it.

You incessantly find fault with the weather. It is either too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry, too sunny or too cloudy, and you have a good deal to say about it.

And the times never suit you. It's either hard times, or else some other people are making too much money by the methods you don't know anything about and so don't approve. Deep in your subconsciousness you are quite sure that money-making which you can't comprehend and can't imitate can't be honest.

And the government is all wrong, too, in your opinion. As a matter of

fact, you may confess to yourself that you are unable to vote with real discrimination for county sheriff, but you do think you know all about running the national government and settling all international differences.

You may be loudly preaching for world-wide peace, when you can't get along amicably with your own wife. You may not be able successfully to run a little corner grocery, but you think you know all about regulating the big trusts. You don't know what are the elements of failure in your own business affairs, but you think you know just exactly what are the faults of the great railroads.

The trouble with you is easily diagnosed. It is one of the most common disorders under the sun. You are "far-sighted" in your mental vision. You see only the things that are beyond the reach of your hands and are blind to those that lie about you. You see the faults of the other fellow, but not your own.—Atlanta Journal.

One of Life's Tragedies

They found her stark, and cold and dead,
In that dark prison cell,
Neglected and forsaken, old
Seemed past tongue to tell
Surrounded by grim spectral shapes
That mocked her where she fell.

How faded she to this dismal place?
How came she here to die?
From what sweet, flowered way of youth
And girlhood, long gone by,
Came she to this barred room of hell
Upon these stones to lie?

From what white skies to these of gloom,
From what bright world and fair,
From what dear arms of love to this
Grim silence and despair?
So like a withered leaf she lies,
And who is there to care?

Far back in some white cradle, she
Gazed in a mother's eyes,
And smiled and lifted dimpled hands
In wondering surprise,
And in her eyes there was a hint
Of yonder azure skies.

Then came the dawn of womanhood,
And life was rare and sweet,
The pathway reaching down the years,
Seemed flowered at her feet;
A curtain hid this awful scene,
This moment of defeat.

So came at last the bitter end,
And on a bitter night
Grim death stalked in unheralded,
In majesty of might,
And smote the prison house of clay,
To give her spirit flight.

And what of all her wasted years,
With hope once highly fraught?
And was she born into this world
To suffer and for naught?
A blinded thing that blindly groped
And in a web was caught?

They found her stark and cold and dead,
In that dark prison cell,
Neglected and forsaken, old
Seemed past tongue to tell,
Surrounded by grim spectral shapes
That mocked her where she fell.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Fist Blow Killed Deer

"A few weeks ago, just before I left for Denver, we had venison for dinner which our cook killed with his fist. Game is so plentiful that all one has to do is to stand on his back porch and use a revolver to obtain almost anything in the way of meat that one could wish for."

H. W. Lang, vice president of the Denver-Honduras Banana company, was telling of the attractions of his Honduras home.

"The manner in which our cook obtained the venison was this," continued Mr. Lang. "We had been having high water in the Urua river,

which flows through our plantation, and one morning our cook noticed a herd of half a dozen deer swimming across it. He jumped in a canoe, and killed one with a blow of his fist. However, deer are not the only game which we have a chance to try a shot at.

"Leopards, alligators, beautiful tropical birds of every description, snakes of wonderful hues, are all numerous. Wild ducks can be secured in plenty—a few hours' shooting brought me fifty the other day, and parrots, which make excellent eating, having much the flavor of squabs, are also plentiful."—Denver Post.